



ALL NEW

The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS



NO. 8  
JUL.  
00006  
74/CDC

UK  
6p

# Barney & Betty RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production



000006



# Barney & Betty RUBBLE

## ZONE-DEAF

AHHHHH

OH, NO...  
THEY'RE AT  
IT AGAIN...

HOLD  
YOUR  
EARS.

D-5925

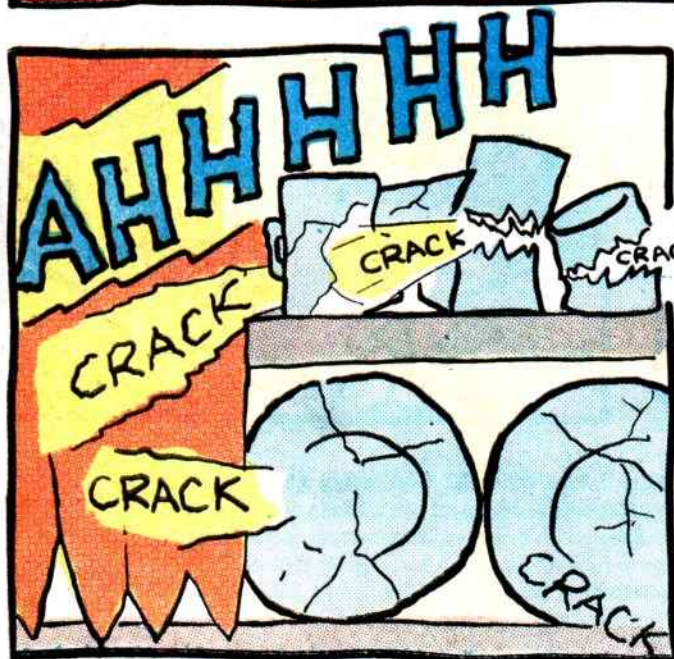
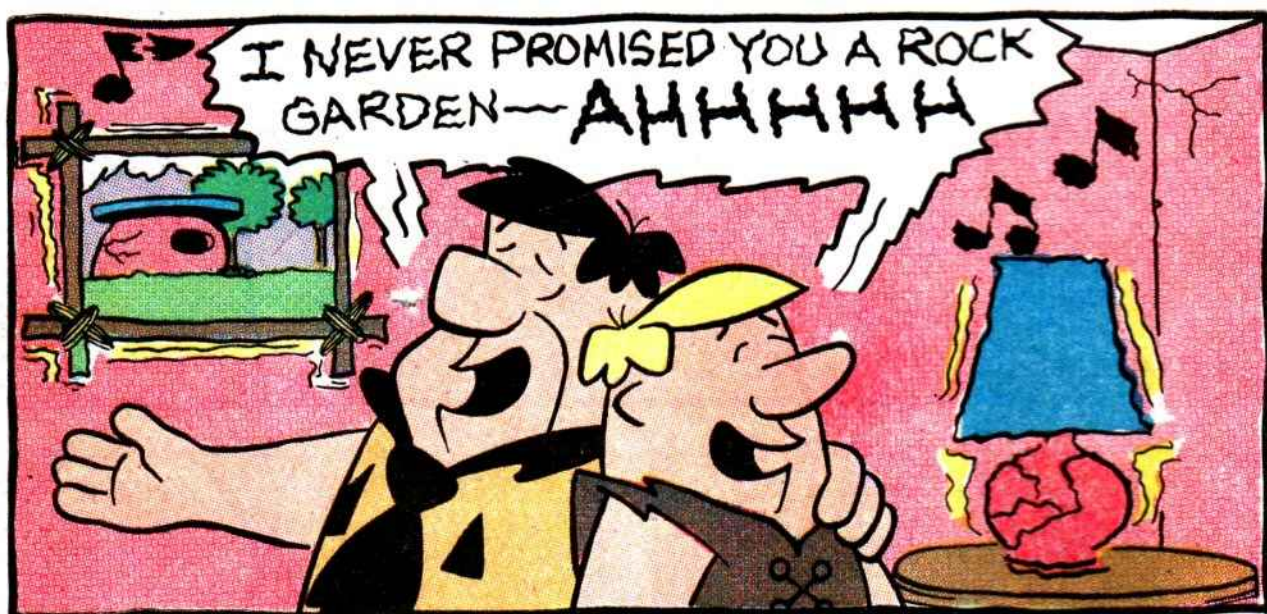


IF THEY KEEP  
THIS UP, WE  
WON'T HAVE  
ANY GLASSES  
LEFT...

AND I  
WON'T  
HAVE ANY  
EARS LEFT!

1.

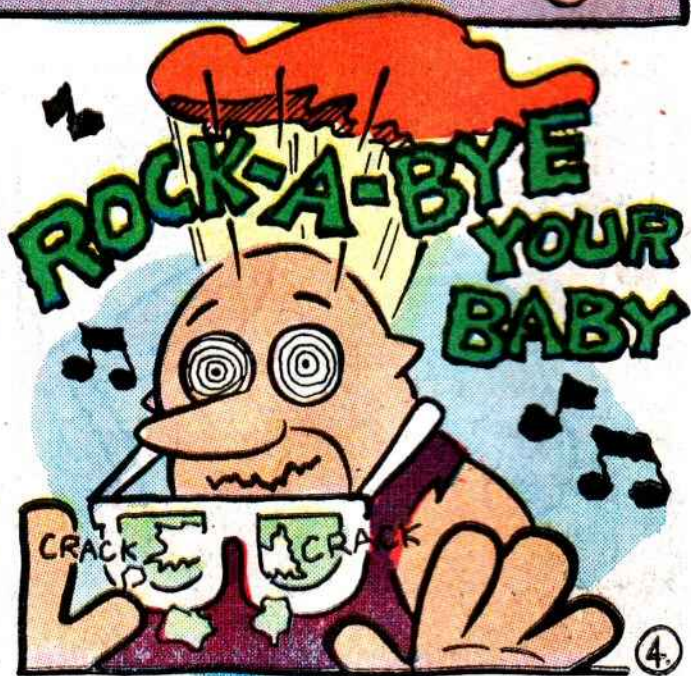


















# Barney & Betty RUBBLE

# in FUNNY MAN

HA HA... THESE T.V.  
COMEDIANS SURE  
ARE FUNNY...

YEAH, HEH, HEH, THEY  
COME UP WITH SOME  
REALLY CLEVER GAGS!

AW, I  
BET I COULD  
BE JUST AS  
FUNNY...AS  
THEY ARE!

WALKER &  
REICHART

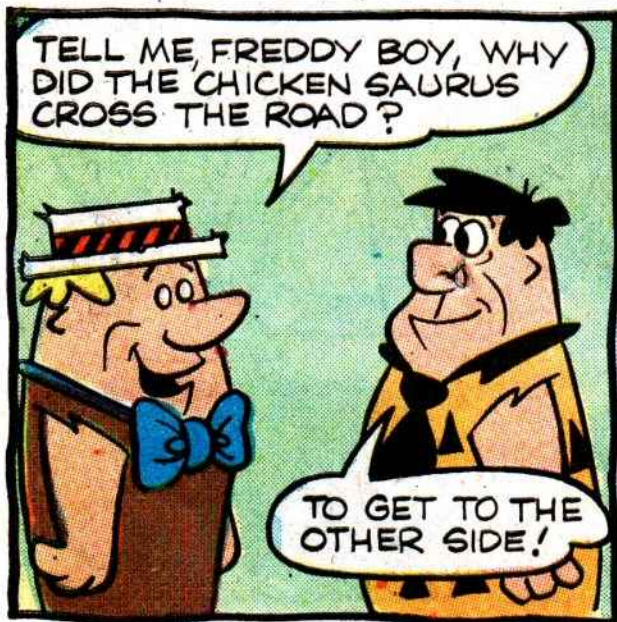
AW, C'MON,  
BARNEY, YOU'RE  
NO COMEDIAN...

WHY, I HAVE  
A NATURAL  
TALENT FOR  
COMEDY...

HAW HAW...  
NOW **THAT'S**  
FUNNY...

LET ME GET  
SOME GAGS TO-  
GETHER AND  
I'LL **PROVE**  
IT!









A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME AS I **LOAFED** OUTSIDE THE **COOKIE FACTORY**, A COP NAMED **BAKER** ARRESTED ME FOR **ROLLING** A BUM FOR SOME **BREAD...** WHEN HE ASKED ME WHY I DID IT, I TOLD HIM I **KNEADED** THE **DOUGH...**

HAW HAW HAW HAW



DID YA HEAR THE ONE... ABOUT...

HOO-BOY! WE GOTTA SHUT HIM UP!

BUT HOW?



I'VE GOT **JUST** THE THING!



OOF!  
FRED!  
TAKE IT EASY, BARN!  
AARGH!  
OOF!

OH MY!



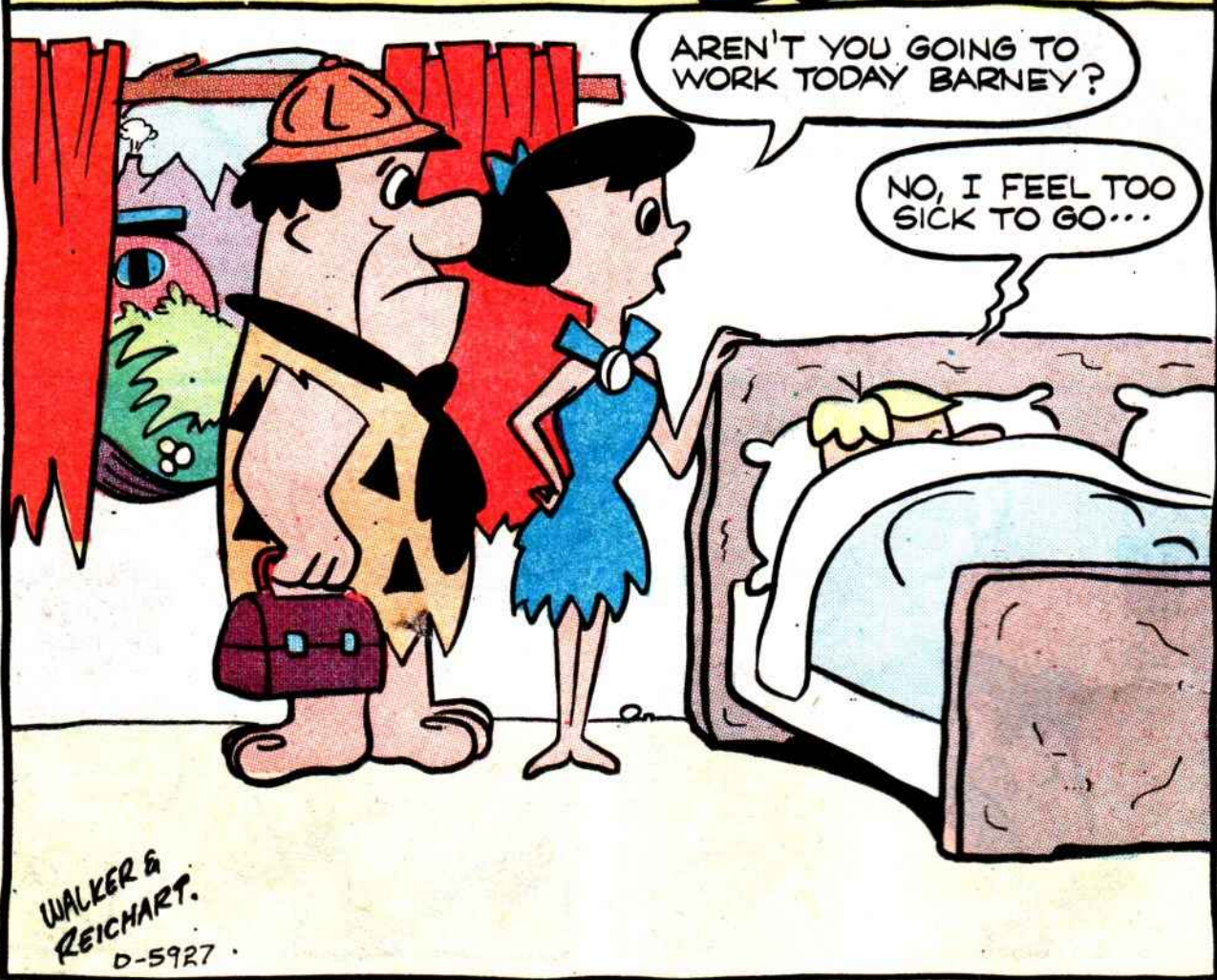
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GOOD GAG!

END.

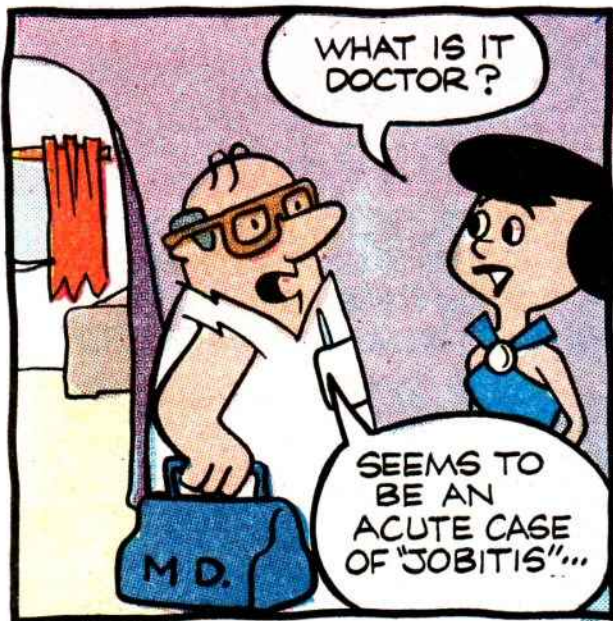


# Barney & Betty in RUBBLE

# SICK LEAVE









# Barney & Betty RUBBLE

# in PHONY BALONEY

THANK YOU,  
OPERATOR...  
GOOD-BYE!

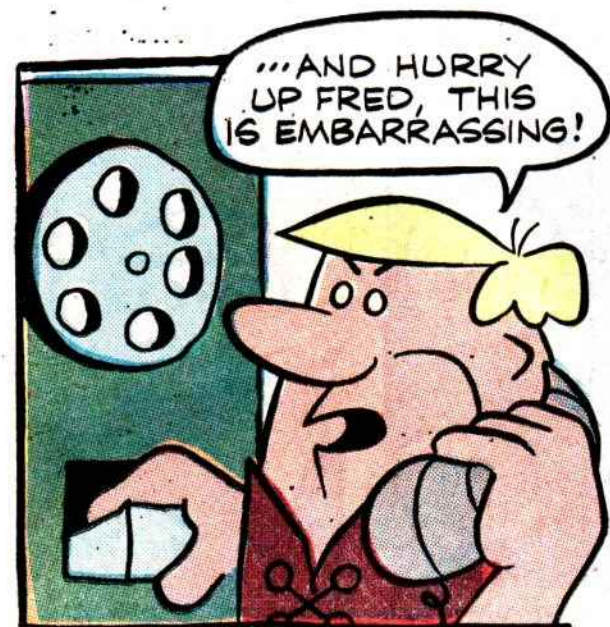
TELEPHONE

WALKER &  
RICHART

NOW I'LL JUST GET MY  
DIME BACK... HA, THERE  
IT IS!

UNH... HEY!  
MY FINGER'S  
CAUGHT!











# BONERS, Moaners and GROANERS

For more than thirty years, I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I, also, have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle, or find something that the teacher doesn't know. How happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Our new principal, Dr. Herman Lusser, required that every teacher prepare a set of questions to be given as a final examination. He checked through my questions and then gave his o.k. to it. These I had mimeographed, and one June day I gave my class this final examination. Tommy Herlowe sat in the fifth seat in the second row on that day. He would look at the examination paper, then at his answer paper, and laughter came from his lips. I was very much annoyed. When the class had been dismissed, I kept him in and spoke to him.

"Did you think my questions were funny?" I wanted to know.

"They were very good," he informed me. "I didn't know the answers. They were funny. That's why I laughed."

He just passed that examination with a mark of 65%.

There are times when the kids will repeat over and over again what seems to us to be sheer nonsense. But they enjoy doing it. For example, one day while on yard duty the kids were all saying: "Nifty - bitty - hiffy - he seems to be so shifty." I did the best I could to get one boy to explain it to me. But he snapped back at me, "You mean you don't know it?"

On another occasion, they all were saying this one: "Sixty seconds make a minute. Sixty minutes make an hour. Twenty-four hours make a day. Three hundred and sixty-five days make a regular year. One hundred years make a century. Can you live that long?" One girl asked me what a lot of centuries make. So I told her about the word aeon. Two days later, they repeated it all during the play time in the yard. But this is what they added:

"A lot of centuries make an aeon. Teacher says so. But we won't be around to find out if he is right or wrong. Anyway that is very long."

One day, our kindergarten teacher had to leave for an hour on some kind of an emergency. So I was asked to send my brightest girl to sort of "keep order." Elaine went there and then came back when the kindergarten teacher returned.

"How were the little ones in kindergarten?" I asked.

"Still there," was her two word reply. And you know something? The more I thought about it, the more I concluded she was right in her answer to my question. This next one is really for our post office big shots. When they introduced the zone numbers, we teachers were called to a special conference after school by our principal. A man from the post office spoke to us and gave each teacher a zone sheet. Then the principal gave the orders.

"Next to the address of each pupil in your roll book, write the zone number. Then devote one hour, if necessary, to be certain that each student knows his zone number."

This I did, and I was almost blue in the face when I finished. Two days later, little Peter didn't return for his afternoon class. His mother was worried and came to school. He hadn't even gone home for lunch. So the principal called the police precinct, and by two thirty an officer came with little Peter in tow.

"What a headache he gave us," sighed the police officer. "But I will admit he is a nice and polite kid. He couldn't remember his own name, on what street he lived, nor even the number of the house in which he lived. All he kept repeating over and over was his zone number: 10458 ... 10458 ... 10458."

O.k. Anyway, Peter got back to normal before he left school with his mother. But I'll never forget what he said to me.

"Gee, I think I forgot my zone number. What is it? Is it 45801 or 10584?"

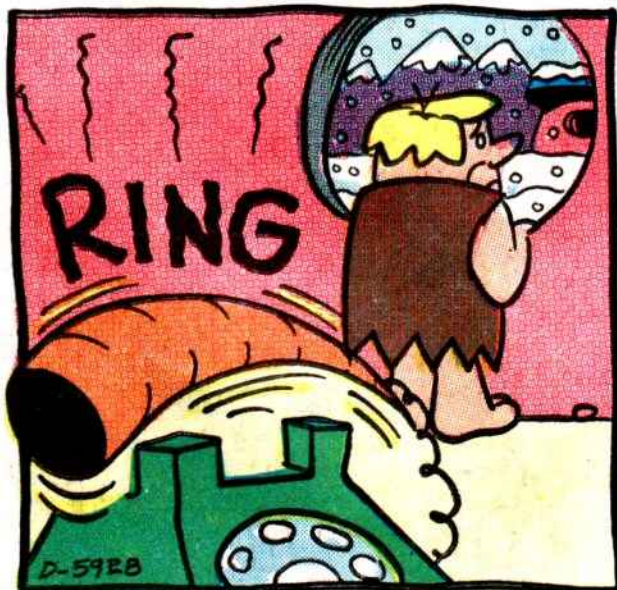
Anyway, I guess I was sort of lucky because the principal didn't send for me or scold me in any way whatsoever. Maybe I did a good job on teaching the zone number, at that. More next time about what happens in a school and especially in my class.



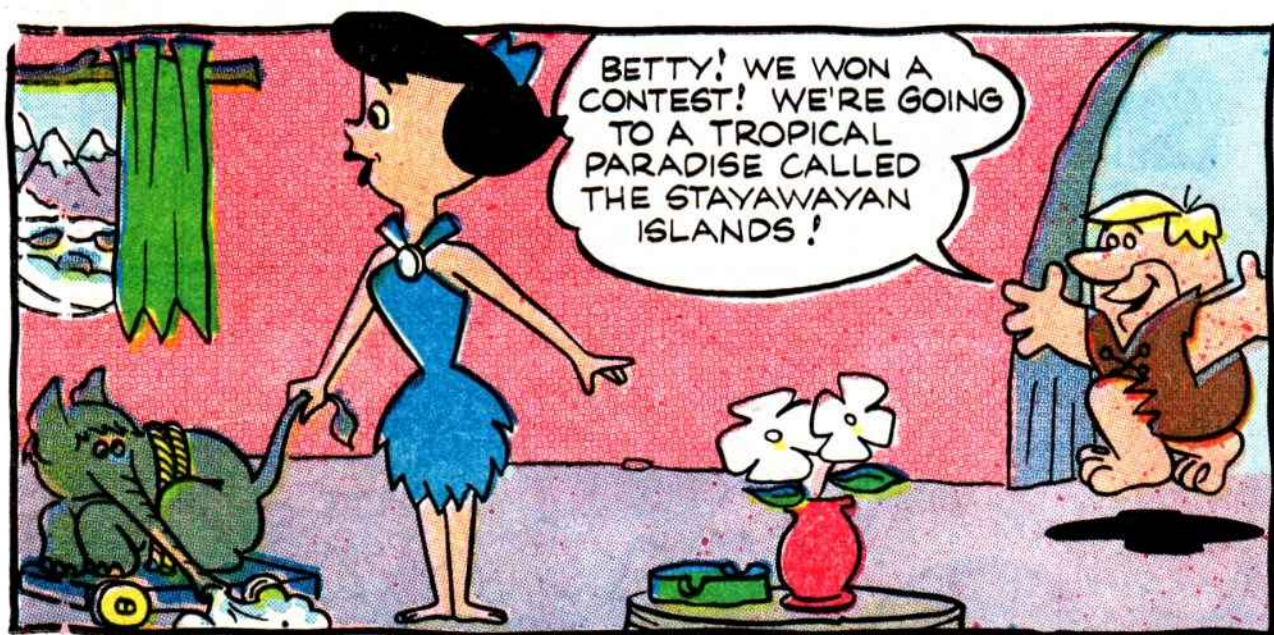
# Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

# in TRAVEL TROUBLE











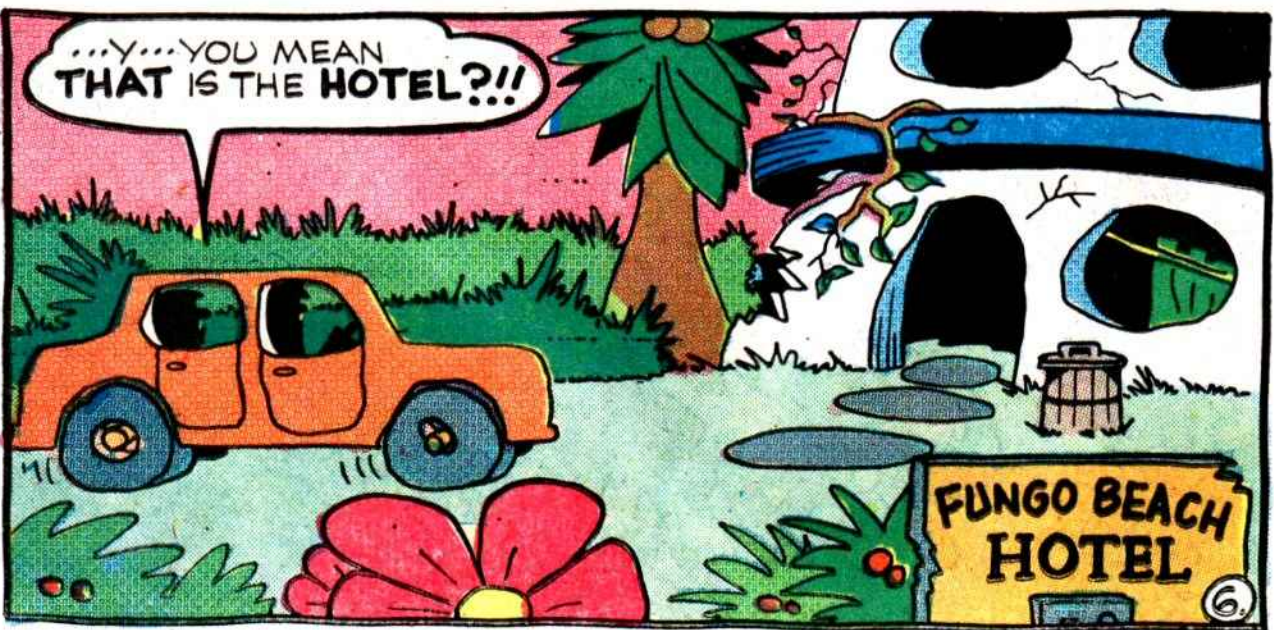




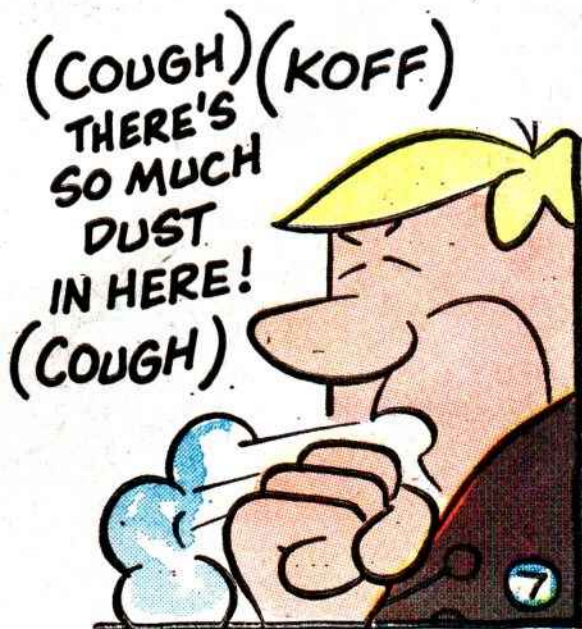










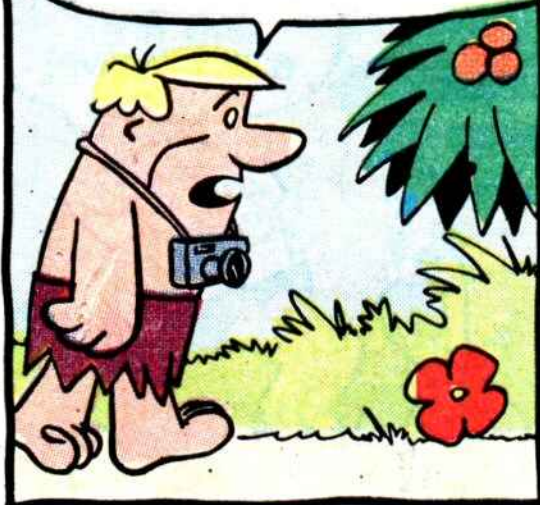




THE AIR CONDITIONER DOESN'T  
WORK EITHER, BARNEY... WHY  
DON'T YOU CALL THE MAID -  
I'M GOING SWIMMING...



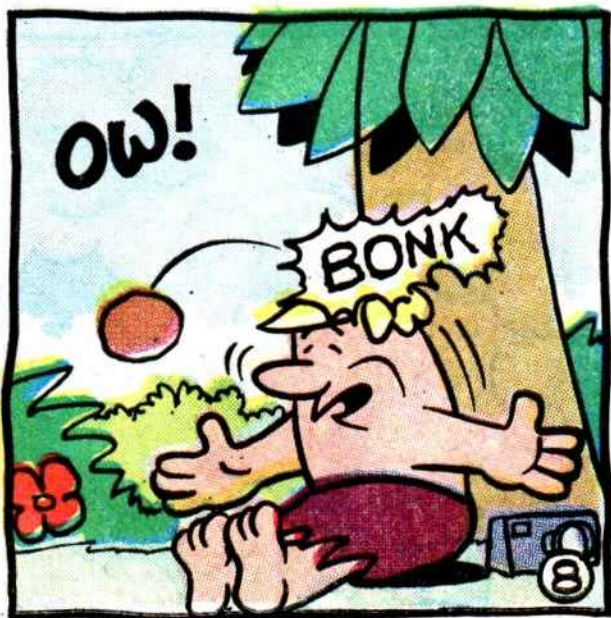
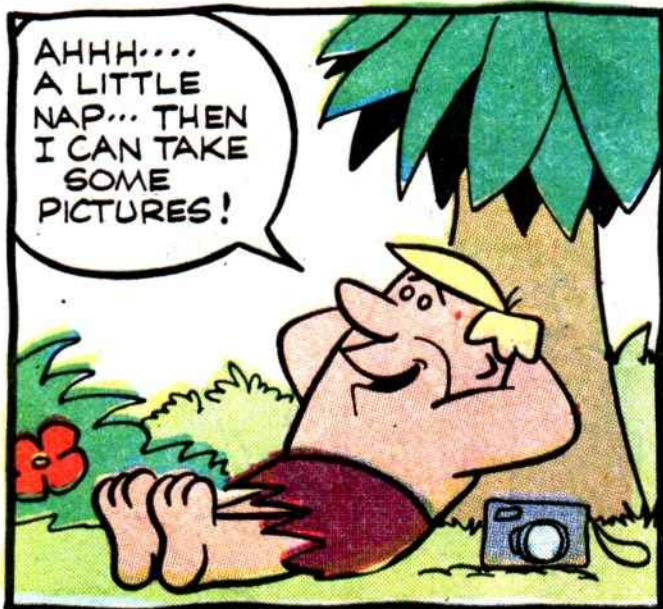
BOY! I HAD TO TIP THE  
MAID ANOTHER TEN BUCKS!



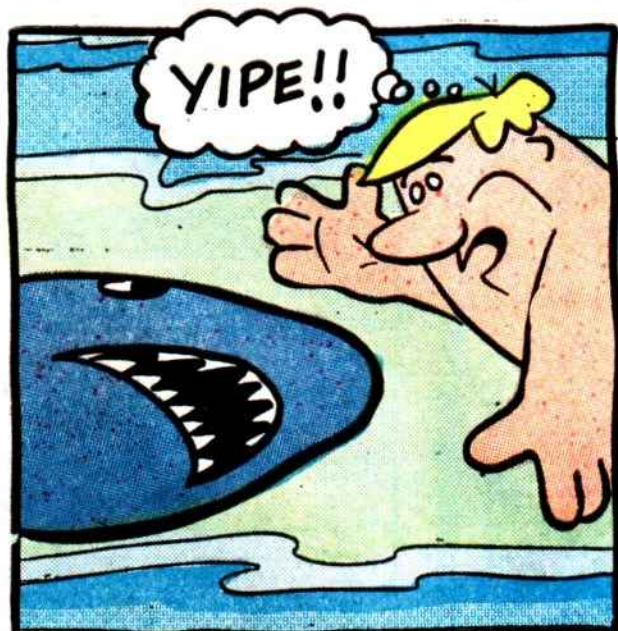
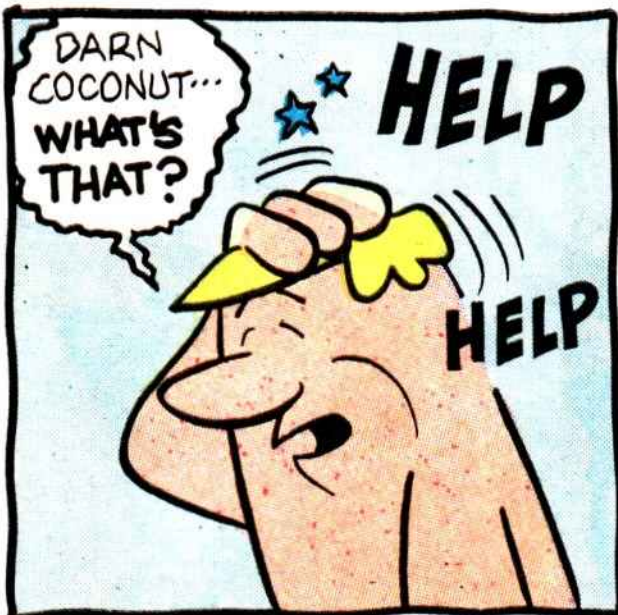
HERE'S A  
SHADY PALM  
TREE... I  
CAN COOL  
OFF UNDER!



AHHH...  
A LITTLE  
NAP... THEN  
I CAN TAKE  
SOME  
PICTURES!







CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



